The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners. *"Montani Semper Liberi!"* *Andrew Price, Editor*

VOL. 17, NO. 50 MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 6, 1899. $1.00 PER YEAR

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The Return of Youth.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel the shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth, a little while with drawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour:
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again.
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

XXII.

County Sketches.

THE COURT-HOUSE RING.

Walter Bently was running for Sheriff, and he was proving quite a factor in the race. He was one of those candidates who spring up unexpectedly, having been overlooked in the search for eligibles, but whose fitness is recognized by a comfortable number of fellow citizens when he once appears. Bently's friends were rallying around him in sufficient numbers to make his candidacy a disturbing element. His fault was his youth. He was an active young stock-raiser who had called on himself to run for sheriff, and he was getting ahead of older men as he had often gotten ahead of them in handling desirable herds in the fall when the cattle went to market.

The race seemed to be between him and one other candidate, a timid, vacillating old gentleman named Johnson, afraid of giving offense, and generally incapable. He was proving acceptable to a number of men of more vitality and if Bently was out of the way he would shine with his dim reflected light as sheriff of the county. He met one of his warm supportere who was determined on beating Bently. Old Silas Horton was a crabbed old man and Shakespeare said: "Crabbed age and youth can not live together," and that may have been the cause for antipathy which existed

Old Silas meeting Johnson in the road candidly told him that the young man was going to be elected. "And it will be the worst thing for this county that ever happened it. Nobody can get a head of stock in the county except that upstart of a cattle shipper. Here he 'll come along with a tax ticket. The people cant pay. Drive off every calf in the county for taxes. Wont be a calf left to grow up and develop into some money. He 'll ruin the county."

"What 'll we do about it?" asked the mild little candidate.

"Why, slap the dobbin right to him."

"But how?"

"Let the people know he belongs to the court-house ring!"

"How kin we prove it?"

"We kin prove it by Dave Williams. He was in a lawyer's office in the court-house where the ring has its headquarters and Bently come in and said, 'You fellers got any votes at your disposal,' and they says, 'Yes, if you can give the password of the courthouse circle'; and he pulled out a bottle and passed it around, and they all said he was a very agreeable man and had caught on quick and that he 'd be a credit to the ring."

"I always said," Johnson remarked, "that I would never vote for a member of the court-house ring for nothing; but what are some of the bad points about 'em?"

"Why, they try to run things and not let anybody in on a good thing if they cant count on him to support them in everything. And then they examine the clerks' offices and jail and say its all right, three of them to each, and bring in a bill of five dollars apiece to the county court, and settle with the sheriff, and set around all the time and run things. The people ain't going to stand it; if I say the word he 's a goner."

"I've got a little vial of St. John in my saddle-pockets," said the mild little candidate, who was not totally devoid of finesse in county politics. It was produced and the plot was hatched. Old Silas met a man on the mountain that evening and mentioned the fact to him that Bently belonged to the court-house ring, and the news spread far and wide, and a friend of Bentley came to him to make report of the tales which spring up about every candidate.

"They say you are an infidel and that you steal sheep."

"Those are small matters."

"They say you forged a check on a northwestern cattle man."

"That 's a matter for the grand-jury."

"They say you held the rope when they broke into jail and hung the darkey."

"If I did it has slipped my memory."

"They say you harbored a sheep-killing dog."

"I do n't think people will believe that."

"They say you was dead drunk and laying in a fence-corner."

"That 's a constitutional right of mine."

"They say that you did the baby act and plead infancy to a debt; and that you believe a man has a right to plead the statute of limitations."

"That 's an unqualified lie"; and the candidate seemed amused at the report.

"I'm like you. I do n't think these things amount to anything; but they 've got a tale going that you belong to the court-house ring!"

"That settles it!" The candidate was one of those men who know when they are beaten, and he withdrew from the race by a card in the paper in which he stated that matters had so shaped themselves that he would be unable to accept the office if elected, and he retired to private life cherishing a grudge against Silas Horton for his defeat, for he had traced the canard to its source.

* * * *

Two years passed by and the incidents of the sheriffalty campaign were remembered no more. Johnson had been elected and had cursed the day he was born when he was hunting for bondsmen.

Another campaign came on. It was the off year, and the most important offie to be filled was that of representative in the legislature, and old Silas Horton was the leading candidate. A mass meeting was called to nominate candidates at the court-house on the first day of court. Old Silas was pleased with the prospect. His grandfather, his father, and his son had each served a term in the legislature and he was anxious not to be the only one in the line who had not so distinguished himself. He was fairly popular, and the nomination had been generally conceded him.

On the morning of that day Walter Bently had a talk with Sam Sherwood, lawyer, political wireworker, note discounter, rich man, and in short a regular county Beelzebub; and the conference boded ill for old Silas.

When he was duly nominated. Sherwood, who sat in the bar, dressed in his usual fastidious manner, rose to second his nomination. He made a good speech, referring to the old man lovingly as his silent partner in many transactions. He would appeal to other members of the bar to say how closely his friend Horton was identified with the machinery which moved the county. He praised him for the fine road he as contractor had built over Hogback Mountain. (This road was a failure and Horton was supposed to have cleared several thousand dollars on it.) He would recall, too, the public spirit of the candidate twenty years ago, when in the face of two-thirds of the county he had had the strength of his convictions to advocate bonding the county to build a railroad. The speaker closed with a telling incident of the sterling honesty of the man. Years before when foreign surveyors had come to run out the old Mason 500,000 acre survey in Deer Lick district, owned by a northern syndicate of which the speaker was local counsel, and which had so reasonably sold their claim to the citizens who occupied it, no man could be found who would point out the beginning corner until Silas Horton had had the honesty to see that strangers got their rights and had pointed it out to them. With a concluding eulogy as to the fearless honesty of the man, the speaker subsided leaving the audience somewhat puzzled. They had had one mystery cleared up, however, and that was who had pointed out the fatal corner tree.

Then came Walter Bently who made a rough and ready speech against Horton. He declared that he would not vote for the candidate if he came recommended by all the corporation lawyers in the universe. He had been himself before the people and this man had whispered that he belonged to the court-house ring and forced him to withdraw. Now he was prepared to denounce his defamer as not only a member but a big muck-a-muck, but high up in the list in court-house ring and he was ready to prove it. His fellow citizens could vote for him if they so desired, but as for himself he could never support a man who belonged to the court-house ring. He was tired of having certain citizens of the county-seat "setting around and trying to run things."

Someone then nominated Bently, and a vote being taken Horton was hopelessly defeated, and to this day he goes about like the Ancient Mariner, and people can not choose but hear how the convention was set up against him that day when he suffered such a just retribution.

Two Mothers' Bibles.

Late last evening a tolerably well dressed young man entered a junk shop with an exquisitely bound volume. The dealer gave him in return for the book 10 cents. He had sold his mother's Bible for a drink. A few minutes later another man strolled in this same place and bought that very Bible. It was worth something more than $2. "My mother," he explained, "gave me just such a book two years ago, and this one looks to have been used considerably. When she sees it she 'll think I 've ben reading it. That 's why I want to buy it."—Knoxville Sentinel.

Happiness.

It's no in titles nor in rank:
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in making muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear;
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest.—BURNS.

The Heavens in July.

There is no time when the stars exercise a greater charm than in midsummer. After a near-by sun has stricken us with his fiercest rays, thousands of distant suns, glimmering through the dark, bring a contrasting sense of coolness and relief. The spirit of romance has always recognized the influence of starlight on a summer night, altho psychologists, as such, appear not to have noted it. Yet the spell exists, and millions experience its effects without undertaking to account for them. But there is nothing mysterious in the phenomenon, and the astrologers can derive from it no support for their superstition. It is simply an expression of the innate poetry of humanity. Those lines of Longfellow's,

"Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,"

may awaken for the astronomer thoughts different from those that arise in the mind of the unscientific reader, but the impression of both is substantially the same—a half-dreaming consciousness of vastness, sublimity, and superhuman power, set over against a sense of the insignificance of the earth, and mingled with a dim perception of beauty transcending terrestrial standards. Savages and civilized men alike yield to this fascination of the starry heavens, and it is capable of subduing, for awhile the most untamed spirits.

The stars and constellations are most beautiful in the absence of the moon, and this year the opening evenings of July will be free from the presence of that "lesser light" which rules, and sometimes, for the astronomer at least, mars the night.

At 10.30 p. m. on July 1, at 9.30 p. m. on July 15, and at 8.30 p. m. on July 31 the principal attractions of the starlit firmament will be arrayed as here described. Overhead shines the constellation Hercules, recognizable by a quadrilateral figure formed by four of its chief stars, and lying between the beautiful circlet of the Northern Crown on the west and the brilliant Vega, with its two little attendants forming a minute triangle, on the east. Directly north of Hercules is the head of Draco, marked by a conspicuous diamond figure of stars. Below the head of Draco stands the Lesser Bear, Ursa Minor, erect on the end of his long tail which terminates in the Pole Star. West of the Northern Crown is Bootes, the giant huntsman, with his great lone brilliant Arcturus blazing on his garter. North of Bootes appears Ursa Major, with the great Dipper descending, bowl downward, toward the northwestern horizon. The broad constellation of Virgo spreads over the lower part of the western sky, still resplendent with the glory of Jupiter's presence within its borders. Sprawling across the south, and touching the horizon, is Scorpio, the centre of the constellation made conspicuous by the fiery red Anteres, one of the most remarkable of stars. East of the meridian the sky is spanned from the northern to the southern horizon by the most brilliant portion of the Milky Way. Starting under the Pole Star it passes through the zigzag figure of Cassiopeia's Chair, and higher up, opposite Vega, seems to bear the Northern Cross afloat in its nebulous stream. Next it passes by Aquila and its three notable stars—a bright one between two fainter—and then breaks into alternate deeps and shallows of starry radiance, as it pours downward through Sagittarius and the eastern part of Scorpio to the horizon.—Garrett P. Serviss, in Scientific American.

Many a man marries at leisure and and repents in haste.

Why Beans Have a Black Seam.

There lived in a certain village a poor old woman who had collected a mess of beans and was going to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and in order to make it burn better she put in a handful of straw. When the beans began to bubble in the pot one of them fell out and lay, never noticed, near a Straw which was already there; soon a red-hot coal jumped out of the fire and joined the pair.

The Straw began first, and said: "Dear friends, how do you come here?"

The Coal answered, "I jumped out of the fire, by great good luck, or I should certainly have met my death; I should have been burned to ashes."

The Bean said, "I too have come out with a whole skin; but, if the old woman had kept me in the pot I should have been cooked into a soft mass, like my comrades."

"Nor should I have met with a better fate," said the Straw. "The old woman has turned my brothers into fire and smoke; sixty of them she took up at once and deprived of life. Very luckily I managed to slip through her fingers."

"What had we better do now?" said the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean, "that as we have been so lucky as to escape with our lives, we will join in good-fellowship together and lest any more bad fortune should happen to us here we will abroad into foreign lands."

The proposal pleased the two others, and forthwith they started on their travels. Soon they came to a little brook, and as there was no stepping-stone and no bridge, they could not tell how to get across. The Straw was struck with a good idea, and said—

"I will lay myself across, so that you can go over me as if I were a bridge."

So the Straw stretched himself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, who was of an ardent nature, quickly trotted up to go over the new-made bridge. When, however, she reached the middle, and heard the water rushing past beneath her, she was struck with terror and stopped and could go no further. So the Straw began to get burned, broke into two pieces, and fell into the brook; and the Coal slipped down, hissing as she touched the water and gave up the ghost

The Bean, who had prudently remained behind on the bank, could not help laughing at the sight; and not being able to contain herself, went on laughing so excessively that she burst. And now she would certainly have been undone forever if a tailor on his travels had not by good luck stopped to rest himself by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart he took out needle and thread and stitched her together again.

The Bean thanked him in the most elegant manner; but as he had sewn her up with black thread all beans since then have a black seam down their bellies.—Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Summer.

Time fain would hold in check the flying hours,
When Summer's light step falls among the flowers,
When like a queen she leads her fairy train,
And drops her dews like jewels on the plain.
From spicy boughs her fragrant censers swing,
In greenwood depths a wild bird's glancing wing,
On their low banks the grasses sigh and stir,
The lilies bend to make sweet room for her;
The bright nasturtium lifts its golden head,
And flaunting poppies crowd the garden bed.
When Summer's light step falls among the flowers,
Time fain would hold in check the flying hours.

—Selected.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years, and always with good results," says Mr W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective."

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Edray; Amos Barlow, Huntersville, D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

Sousa Gives a Lesson in Organ Grinding.

John Philip Sousa has an intense dislike for the mutilation of his musical compositions. To hear one of his marches played out of tune or time not only sets his teeth on edge, but provokes his anger beyond his power of resistance. Not long ago he came down from his home in Yonks on the Hudson to New York City, and in front of the Grand Central station he heard an organ grinder playing The Washington Post March. He was turning the wheel with the utmost slowness and extreme irregularity. It sounded like a funeral march.

Sousa stood it as long as he could and then rushed across the the street and exclaimed: "That's not the way to play that. Don't do it any more. It's awful."

"How should I play?" said the grinder impassively.

"Faster, faster."

"Ah!"

"Yes. This way. Let me show you," and he took the crank into his hand and turned it with so much spirit and vigor that he soon had a crowd around him.

"Thank you," said the organist. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sousa. That's the proper way to play that march."

"Thank you, sir," replied the organist bowing profoundly.

The next day Sousa came to town on the same train and found the same organ grinder in the same place playing The Washington Post March just as he he had been taught the day before, but with much greater success. Murmuring and evidently awe-stricken spectators were dozens deep circled around the musician. Sousa forced his way to the front to see the cause of the excitement. He found it. On the organ was a large canvas sign reading:

THE WASHINGTON POST MARCH
Composed by
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
Played by a
PUPIL OF SOUSA.

Mr Sousa has not given any more music lessons to strangers.—Saturday Evening Post.

Cannon Farrar on Wealth.

And blessed, too, in these days is every example which illustrates how few and simple are the real needs of life; every example, whether of the rich or of the struggling, which pours silent contempt on the divinity of gold. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their georgeous obsequies; but it shall be the nobler lot of these to clothe nations in spontaneous mourning, and go to the grave among the benedictions of the poor."

Let England then, and let America, learn that swollen fortunes and material prosperity are no signs of a nation's strength. Pagan Rome was never so strong as when her dictators came from the plowshare, never so weak as when in her colossal wealth she had scarcely a freeman left. In the Middle Ages Papal Rome stood raking into chests the countless gold of her jubilee, just before she endured her most humiliating disgrace. Spain was dropping to pieces in the rottoness of inward decay just when all the gold of the New World was flowing like the tide of La Plata in the treasury of her kings. Oh, let us learn that the country's wealth means a country's weal; and that does not consist in gold, but in the justice, the mercy, the temperance, in the strong pure hearts of her sons and daughters. Without these wealth may be a sign of inward weakness, just as gorgeous conflagration of our autumnal woods is but the precursor of their barrenness and the proof of their decay.

A Good Family Medicine.

W. Lee Wilmoth, Top of Alleghany, W. Va., writes: I have used Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets for the past five years in our family. I do not hesitate to say that they are the best. They are mild in action, splendid in effect, besides being pleasant to take and requiring one only at a dose. To all who are unable to pay large doctor's bills I would say, always keep a box of Ramon's Liver Pills in the house to use in case of necessity.